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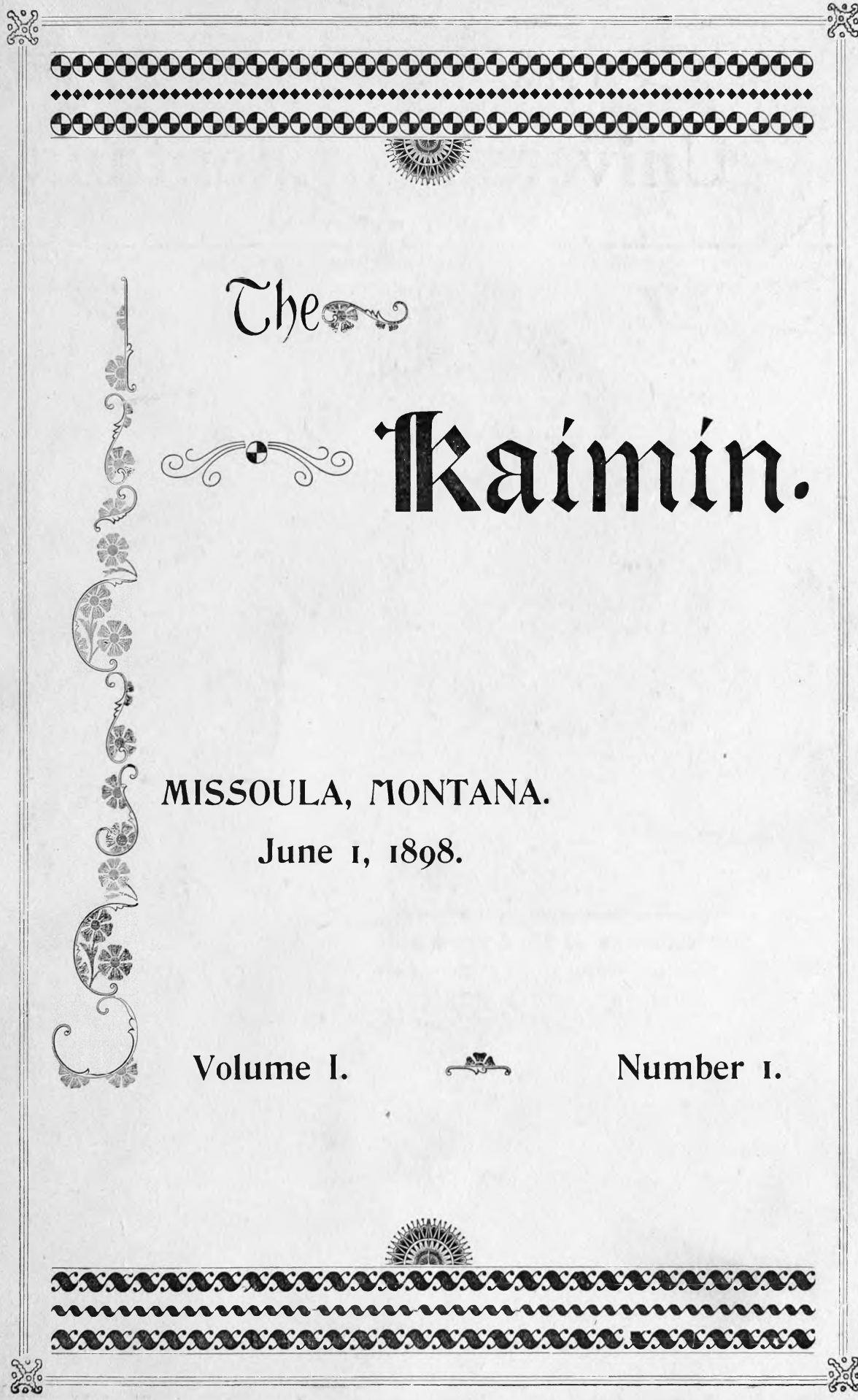
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The

Káimín.

MISSOULA, MONTANA.

June 1, 1898.

Volume I.



Number 1.



The



University of Montana

Missoula, - Montana.



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The Kaimin.

THE KAIMIN.

MISSOULA, MONT., JUNE 1, 1898.

SINGLE COPIES, - - 15 CENTS.

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 (ELLIS SEDMAN, '01
Local Editor.....ZOE BELLEW, '99
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Business Manager.....GEO. H. KENNETT, '99

There is by no means a lack of university spirit among the students, but it is necessary to renew it occasionally by sheer effort. The students have felt the need of some common interest, something around which they can rally. In view of this they have begun a college paper, of which this is the first issue. THE KAIMIN will foster a true and lasting college spirit among us. It will afford inducement to literary effort. It will work for the interests of the university, and not least of all, will be a good advertising medium for the merchants of Missoula. There is a season for foot ball, base ball and tennis; but a college paper must be perennial. THE KAIMIN will bid you welcome at the beginning of the college year, it will be with you during the year, and bid you farewell at the close.

After considerable discussion and many suggestions KAIMIN, a word of the combined Kalispel and Selish language was decided upon as the name best fitted for our college paper. The word itself means anything written or printed, or in its broader sense, may even signify the pen, pencil or paper with which the writing was done. It is accented upon the last syllable, the "i" in that syllable having the sound of long "e," while the "ai" is given the sound of long "i".

For the benefit of our eastern friends it might here be said that the Selish or Flatheads and the Kalispels are the two Indian tribes now living upon the Flathead reservation, which is situated about 27 miles northwest of us. These two tribes are not without a certain government of their own. The Flatheads have their old gray haired chief, Charlo, and also a supreme court whose strict and just decrees are faithfully executed. The U. S. government is not in favor of permitting them to have these chiefs, and after the recent death of the chief of the Kalispels, refused to recognize the one the people then advanced as their leader. The people themselves are, as a rule, lazy, without ambition and like all of their race, undemonstrative. They are heartily opposed to advancement in any of its forms, and he

who does attend the schools, or adopts in the slightest degree civilized dress or customs becomes among them an object of ridicule and contempt.

Educational institutions as well as other factors of human progress, are of slow growth. They do not rise in a month to perfection, as a factory or mill; but with the facilities which are now to be obtained, it is possible to place before a student body in a short time everything needed for their personal education. In founding and hastening into operation this institution, the people of Montana have placed before those who wish it all the apparatus that is needed at present. The instructors are among the best men and women from the first institutions in the land, some of whose pictures are in this number. In capacity for work and personal culture we are inferior to none. In name, fame, numbers and age we are beginners.

Some one has said that the three events of life are the cradle, the marriage altar and the grave. But he could not have been a college graduate; for of all events, the day of graduation stands forth as the highest mountain peak along the shore of life. More anticipation, more difficulties to overcome to reach it, more congratulations and seeming importance, at least, for the time, never come in life. This is no more true of those who graduate this year than of the university itself. It will have other graduations, but never a first one again. We trust the graduation classes may increase in size from year to year until their Alma Mater will be well represented in the nation as well as the state.

Perhaps the most serious question to students is how to stay at college till the course is completed. But there is another not less bothersome decision to make, and that is will it pay? We must confess that there is some sentiment in the view that Americans take of a collegiate education. It has become so universally recognized as a good thing, that men do not stop to discriminate between cases. Tell a merchant, banker or professional man that you are contemplating a collegiate training, and in almost every instance he will pat you on the back and say that your ambition is a noble one and that you will make a grand success. Tell a farmer that you have resolved to take a four years' course, and he will unflinchingly say that it is just the thing to do and that he wishes he had done the same thing. His answer would be the same if you had told him it would take fourteen years instead of four, and that you must make your expenses as you go along. But when the young man returns from his heroic struggles, these people are armed with two replies

instead of one. If he has been successful they will say: "I told you so—time and money are well invested in education." But if he has been overpowered by the difficulties to be surmounted, they are ready to say that he had better have stayed at home on the old farm, and that his ambition was too great for his talent. So in seeking advice on the question it is well to bear in mind that nine men out of ten will give you an answer not founded on their deliberate judgment but one which they have on hand "Cut and dried" for all occasions. Each one must decide for himself but if one is dissatisfied with his prospects, a year or two in college till he can make a decision is a very safe thing to do.

Interest in the war has been peculiarly intense in Missoula from the beginning. From the Post we have witnessed the departure of a regiment of men for the seat of war. A troop of cavalry from Missoula and surrounding country have responded to the first call for volunteers. This together with the mass meeting and the demonstration of fireworks over the first victory makes the war spirit here intense. No one now doubts the wisdom of Congress in the stand which it made nor that the ultimate result will be victory for the United States and freedom for Cuba. But how can we reconcile our actions to our boasted policy of arbitration and the pleading voice of Christianity deploring war? Simply in this: that Christianity itself is but a succession of upward growths, leaving behind the growths of decay. Spain represents the last stage of perverted cause, while America stands in the front ranks of that cause and is the world's herald of truth. Then where right and wrong conflict, it is the very nature of things that war only can wipe off these leprous spots of the earth and establish the right. Every thing that is dearest to the American hearts has been won on the field of battle. And what we enjoy we are willing to give to others. Nor will those unfortunate Cubans be ungrateful for our service. A greater assurance of this we need not than the fidelity and patriotism of the freedmen of the south at this very moment of need.

No one can fail to mark even in the university the growing tendency to specialize. The live student will almost always show a preference for some one branch of work. This is very often due to the strong personality and enthusiasm of professors. Nor can there be any objection to this, for a man is unworthy of any position in life who is not an enthusiast. It does not follow that because a man lifts high his own banner that he must lower others'. So long as all are enthusiastic and capable an equilibrium will be maintained and the students will realize the object of a university education, which is the laying of a broad foundation. But this early tendency to specialize is due largely to the present condition of the trades and professions. Each trade and profession today covers so large a field that it requires almost a lifetime to master it. For this reason students are tempted to stop off early in their academic course. But with the broad foundation of a university course it is reasonable that a man can make more rapid progress in his

specialty than without it. A university course gives a general view of the whole field of learning, and treats in a thorough manner certain subjects which are essential to success in any line.

It is to be regretted that the oratorical contest for the Buckley prize comes on the last night of the college year. Otherwise the winning oration would have been published. There should be an Oratorical Association of the students, and some needed rules and regulations established which shall govern this feature of the university. Some attempts have been made to effect a state organization of the Oratorical Associations and have a state contest. Then we could join the neighboring state in the annual inter state contest. It is time we were getting into line with the other institutions in regard to some of these features.

Speeches by visitors at chapel are of two kinds. The first is of a conventional form and character, consisting of excuses and expressions of delight, and congratulations and encouragement. The second kind are rare, heartfelt, studied, and burn an impression upon the mind. This kind is much desired. There is no more appreciative listener than a student, and surely there is no more promising soil in which to sow the seeds of thought. It is thought that tellis, and students think they know a good thing when they hear it, and always welcome a speaker who does not fear of "talking over their heads."

To a great extent the history of an institution is stamped by the character of its beginning. Then let us continue the policy that has been advocated from the beginning. Let us have clean athletics, clean college politics and a clean college paper. Let us be honorable in both our internal and external relations and we will have no one to fight and no explanations to make.

Why should we not in the near future have a military department in the University of Montana? It would give a dignity to the institution and train our boys to walk and carry themselves properly. Obedience to law and harmony of action are essential to a citizen of a free state, and these are the principal lessons impressed by military drill.

There is one feature which all who are familiar with the workings of the university of Montana remark, that there is an all-conquering spirit of earnestness everywhere. We have no "leisure" class here. All are workers. There is no immunity offered professional athletes nor have we many who are "sent" to school.

A good poem is the property of all men and enriches all. Dr. Robinson's poem "Montana" which is printed in this issue will be a valuable addition to the literature of the state and should be recited and sung in every school.

THE BENEFIT OF LITERARY SOCIETIES.

AMONG our colleges and universities of the present day, the opinion that the student does not receive his education entirely in the class room is becoming more and more prevalent. The students realize that there are many accessories to education besides book-learning. Not only is college education comprised of mental development, but it also necessitates physical training, and culture of the emotions as well. This is the reason why our colleges of today are giving so much attention to athletics and societies, both social and literary.

In order to have a strong mind, first it is necessary to have a strong body. This our athletic associations procure for us. And to add to the complete refinement and culture of both mind and body is the work of the literary societies.

Indeed, no educational institution should be without its literary societies, which when properly conducted effect as much in the student's education as in the class-room. What does it avail the student if he have the wisdom of a Solomon, and yet lack the ability of expressing that wisdom? This ability is acquired almost entirely in the literary hall. Here the student must not make the grave mistake of expecting to gain benefits without hard work on his part. No amount of benefits which the society may leave open for him can ever become his unless he strive for them.

Some of these benefits which have been referred to above are hard to obtain; but are not many experiments in chemistry difficult, and are not many problems in geometry tardy in breathing the mystic letters Q. E. D? So it is with the literary societies; unless there is enthusiasm and hard work, but poor results can be looked for. On the other hand, if there is earnest labor, valuable results cannot only be expected, but actually obtained.

In no other room of the college can the fluency of speech and rapidity of thought be acquired which the student obtains in the Literary Hall. Shyness and backwardness soon disappear in a heated debate or an enthusiastic discussion. Then by degrees that sinking sensation leaves, which always accompanied first efforts.

How many of us can remember our first debate before the Society? We had prepared a strong argument, and rose with confidence, expecting to crush our opponents and astonish our hearers by our fluency and wit. Did we do it? Alas! We know not. We have a faint recollection of standing before our audience, whose faces looked dim though a gathering mist. We know we spoke. But whether we argued for the affirmative, the negative, for both, or even if we debated at all we cannot tell. What we do remember is our firm resolve, never to repeat the ordeal. But time works wonders and practice makes perfect.

The improvement may not be noticed each day, but the result is felt and noticed by fellow members. The student soon feels that he has command of himself while speaking in the presence of others. He is able to discuss questions concerning which he has made no previous preparation.

Fluency of speech has been acquired, and that self-possession and confidence in his own statements, which but a few months before were utter strangers to him.

These acquirements may be classed among the chief benefits of literary societies. But in addition to these chief benefits, there are many others: College spirit is augmented, good comradeship is secured, social life is advanced, and the mind is developed to a great extent.

Although many condemn literary societies, erroneously judging that they occupy too much of the student's valuable time, we society members realize that our meetings are one of the most pleasant features of our college life; uniting us in bonds of good-fellowship and proving one of the most important agents in our education.

LOUISE HATHEWAY.

RUSSIA OR ENGLAND?

IF the two giant powers of Europe, we have always chosen Russia as our traditional friend, and England as our undoubted enemy.

Since the war of the revolution, the relations between the United States and Great Britain have been tinged with the anger issuing from their conflicts of the past; venomous verbal barbs have kept raw the wounds of 1766 and 1812; mutual jealousies and ignorances have kept alive the prejudices derived from bygone clashes.

How different has been our intercourse with Russia, who since the first years of our nation has ostensibly borne the best of good will toward us; her smiles have ever been ours, her powers being reserved for her servile, helpless peasantry, her sword for the ravishment of the freedom of Poland and attacks on the rights of others, her energies for the dictatorship of Europe and her malice for Great Britain who has thrice checked her encroachments.

In seeking for the mainspring of her distinguished recognition of our worth, we are compelled to believe that her action does not spring from a fellow feeling engendered by common interests, nor from the sympathetic ties of a common ancestry. Her aims, ideals, and beliefs are as diametrically opposite to ours as the temperament of her people is to that of our own.

From the remotest period of their history, the people of Russia have endured with slavish humility the grinding exactions of their governors; they have never vigorously resented the merciless disregard which has ever been shown to them, when the exigencies of their harsh government demanded the sacrifice of their homes, or the lives of their friends and loved ones. History tells us that the plague was eradicated from certain rural villages in Russia by destroying them with fire. History also tells us that when the charge of the Light Brigade was made at Balaklava, the Russian guns belched death on their own troops in order to destroy the enemy with whom they were mixed. These outrages are amongst the most moderate and most recent of the many instances of the brutal indifference with which the Russian peasantry has allowed itself to be treat-

ed. If ever breasts were troubled with a desire for liberty, it was a result of the restless modicum of Norse blood which was forcibly infused in their veins several centuries ago. If individuals of the nation have struck for liberty it was because of the Viking strain asserting itself. Such a people with such antecedents have no affinity with the lion race whose generations for a thousand years have battled for their stolen rights, pertinaciously wresting, little by little, increments of power from the hands of their rulers; gaining at last after many a stubborn battle and many a sacrifice, the freedom which the adventurous sons of the Northmen, have ever sternly insisted is the birthright of their race. Some day "The lion will lay down with the lamb" but at present the submissive Slav cannot blend with the man of Saxon lineage.

As Russia's friendship for us emanates neither from the sympathies of her government nor the hearts of her people, it must proceed from her political and patriotic ambitions, and therefore her kindness to us, is but the oil of courtesy which is to reduce some of the friction in her scheme of aggrandizement.

The trend of Russian diplomacy since Peter the Great has been towards the enthronement of Russia as a-biter of the world's destinies. The subtle statesmen of Russia have foreseen for generations, that this culmination of their ambitions was more than a possibility, were it not for the Anglo Saxon nations on the path, and the Russian patriot recognizes that the only hope to clear the way, lies in the separation of their forces, and the seizure of some propitious moment to hurl the combined power of Russia and the forces of her allies against the isolated nation. And so every time the blundering Britain expresses his disapproval of the conduct of his cousin, the American, the wily Russian seizes the opportunity to fraternize with the American and thus demonstrate to him what a friend the Russian is. When the American wishes to borrow money he is accommodated, and courteously told that the banks of Russia are his. These with other proofs of Russia's consistent friendship are expected to render America powerless, through her gratitude, to aid England in the titanic struggle which may be even now discerned lowering in the East.

But the two great English speaking nations are converging nearer year by year, attracted by influences of increasing intercourses, through the channels of travel, commerce and literature. This tendency will finally merge into alliance, which has already been projected, and whose completion would assure to our race the ascendancy, which the grand manhood of the peoples is well fitted to grasp. The proposal of such an alliance disconcerted Europe and grieved Russia, but it would check the advance of despotism and so firmly base the principles of freedom, that they could never again be dethroned as in the past.

Let us remember that our history is a branch of the history of England; that the men whom Charlemagne could never subdue were Anglo Saxon; that the men of Crecy, Poitiers and Agincourt, of Waterloo and Trafalgar were of the same heroic strain as those who fought in the valiant

army of the Revolution; that the men who crushed the world wide power of Spain in the sixteenth century; who swept the fleets of Holland from the seas and humbled mighty France of the Seventeenth century were men of our blood. Let us remember that the nation which rescued Europe from the conquering Napoleon is akin to the nation which now defies Europe to interfere in her rescue of Cuba, and let us not forget that the nation which now so staunchly stands our friend, is of all the world the one great nation whose interests on this continent coincide with ours, and whose policy will naturally be to uphold the Monroe doctrine. Then remembering these things, the great heart of our nation will respond that England, not Russia, is our natural friend and ally. The British flag should be honored by us, for our ancestors formed the nucleus of the British empire which now rules one fifth of the world, just as much as later ancestors formed the foundations of the United States which now sways the destinies of the Western Hemisphere.

GEORGE WESTBY.

HOW SHALL THE VACATION BE SPENT?

MORTON J. ELROD.

"Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self for its sphere."

THE year's work is closed. The last lesson has been assigned, the laboratory duties are over, the breakage settled, the first commencement of the University of Montana is upon us, and all will soon be a thing of the past. The summer is before. What is the best way to use it? The words of the poet just quoted are full of meaning, and at this time are especially appropriate to students about entering the long summer vacation.

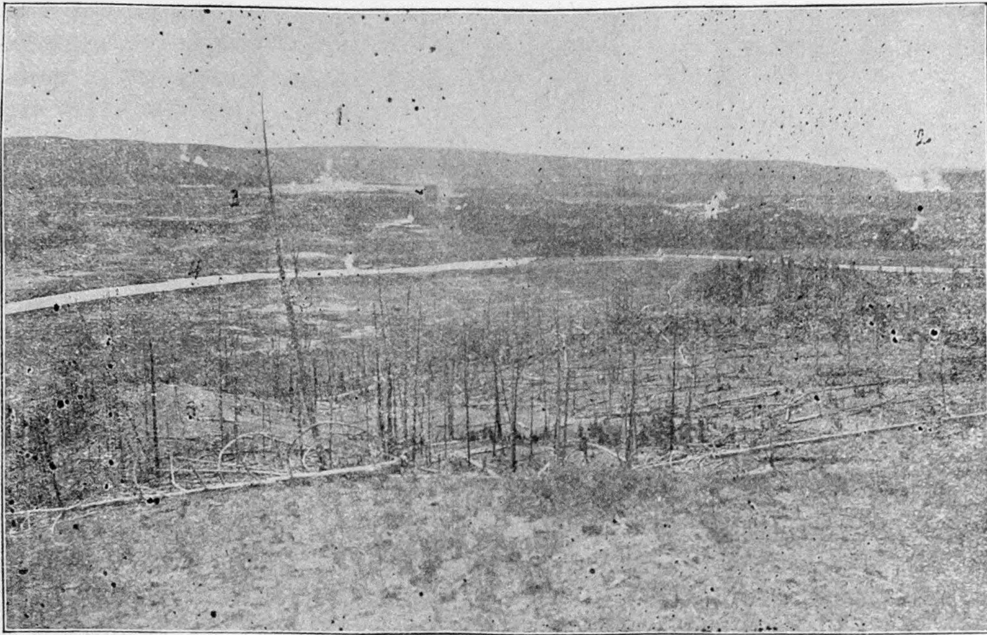
These words are not penned for those who do not yet see a serious side to life. We are not inclined to waste time or worry over those who have no ambition in life, or who cannot work without constant spurring. Such persons will soon drop out of the race, and find a more congenial company than hardworking, energetic ambitious companions. Happily this unfortunate class is represented by a small number of students at the University of Montana, the great body of young men and women being anxious to receive and profit by suggestions.

Vacation should mean a change. We do not need rest. We are not fitted to stop work and lie idle. Indeed, no student can do so. What is needed is not a cessation from all work, but a change of work. There is a good deal of meaning in the pun made in the comic papers concerning recreation. A man sits in an easy chair before his desk, talks to his secretary, dictates messages, pays bills, etc. This is where he works. Next he is out in the rain with a slouch hat and gum boots, carrying a heavy gun at the heels of a dog. This is where he recreates. Let the farmer and the counting room man change places and each would find it restful. It is a change from an occupation where the same thing is gone over day after day, year after

year, to something new. This is a vacation. It may be the hardest work of the year in one sense, but it puts the physical and nervous forces in trim for renewed effort when the time approaches. It is obvious, therefore, that a new line of work should be undertaken.

Vacation to the student should not mean a continuation of study in the same manner and with the same degree of in-

especially can never be forgotten. After traveling for a week we had climbed the mountains in the National Park to the west of Firehole basin, and towards evening were just going over the divide, ready to enter the wonderland about which we had read so much, and which we had traveled thousands of miles to see. As we slipped over the slope and came in sight of the great banks of steam with dark clouds for a

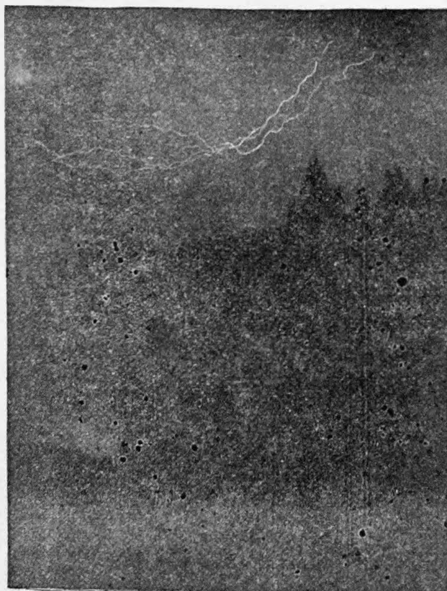


Firehole Basin, National Park, looking east from the Mountain. 1. Fountain Geyser; 2. Fountain Hotel; 3. Excelsior Geyser; 4. Firehole River.

tensity as during the year. No more should it be a cessation from mental effort altogether. Older students, of nature mind and strong physically, need have little fear of continued study during the summer. But few students are in that physical condition when no attention need be paid to the needs and demands of the body. Indeed, there are few living who do not need to look closely to the demands of the physical to give the best possible equipment for the mental. The majority of those who pursue these lines will require the summer months to rest up the mental and nervous organism to let the physical have play. But certain cessation from mental effort is not only unnecessary but impossible.

In connection with what has been written above the writer recalls many pleasant memories of mountain rambles and blazing camp fires, when absolute rest was experienced, but when the mind was so full of new thoughts, and the eye had been so entranced with new scenes as to open up a new field of experience and of thought. One day

background, and saw the white sepulchral valley with the silvery Firehole river winding its way in front, it opened up a new world. The photograph we took on that occasion starts a flood of memories, and it is like living the day over



Photographing Lightning, National Park.

to look back and reflect upon it. Far away in the distance a huge jet of steam could be seen from the famous Excelsior (2). Nearer was the Fountain (1). Beside the Fountain was the Fountain hotel (3). In front of all was a row of soldiers' tents, while the river made a pleasing foreground (4). It was an intoxicating view. That night a furious storm arose, grand as only mountain storms are. At intervals vivid flashes of lightning, accompanied by terrific thunder startled us. A successful attempt at photographing lightning was made, when the storm passed as quickly as it came. The stars came out. Jupiter, that silent sentinel, stood watch over us as we meditated over the wonders and glories of the day long after our

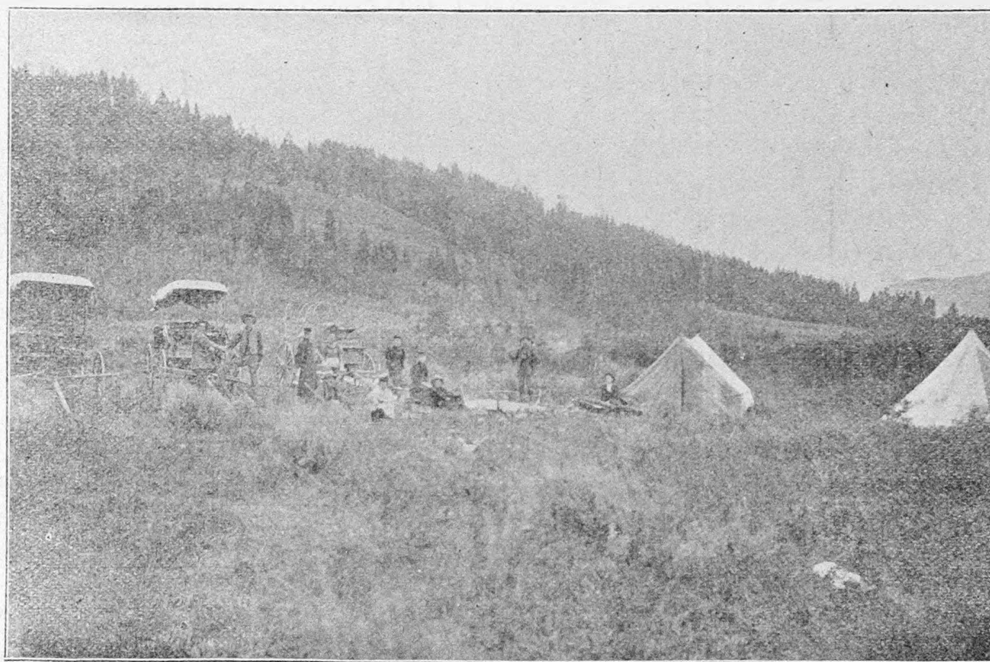
companions were asleep.

Another occasion, the following year, one camp at Hun-

ter's Lake stands out prominently among all others. It was a delightful evening. Having made camp early, we climbed a high summit to watch the sunset. Who can paint the glories of the setting sun in summer among the mountains? It is beyond description. On this particular evening a painter would have raved for his colors had he witnessed the scene. Returning to the camp by the babbling brook, with the lake in front and sombre mountains and stately pines on either side, we sat and talked and admired until late into the night. This camp was pitched on the pass across which thousands of deer, sheep and goats travel every year. The lake is the remnant of a mighty bed of water in earlier geological ages. We have just left huge fields of lava and soon will cross the range and enter fields of later volcanic geysers. Could the mind of a student be inactive under such conditions?

But there may be those who cannot afford to remain idle.

it fit your college work in some way. The student in biology can have many profitable lessons as he roams the hills or enjoys a camp by the rushing stream. Horace or Shakespeare is never more interesting than when read in the shadow of deep pines. There is no better place to test the strength of the voice and practice enunciation than in the field or on the mountain side. The artist could live in no better place than this for landscape or color. Fortunate indeed, is the young person who has had the shell opened; who is in sympathy with nature; who has his mind and soul turned toward some one object, for the accomplishment of which he is laboring. If this catches the eye of the reader who is trying for something definite in life, and who sees nothing and thinks of nothing in particular, the writer will feel that he is abundantly repaid if such a person is but caused to pause a moment and reflect, to scrutinize himself, see his own powers and opportunities and prepare during



Camp at Henry Lake, Idaho.

Some, perhaps, have not been visited often enough by the gods of fortune to be sufficiently endowed with this world's goods as to enable them to enjoy the summer in the manner they would desire. To such we may say "to work is noble." It is better to work during summer and return in the fall than to enjoy the summer and remain absent. No student, who has really been waked up to the possibilities that are before him, can stay away from school. If he cannot attend he will make one of his own, poor as it may be, and will be teacher and pupil at the same time. All honor to the boy or girl who is working hard during summer in order to return. If the few spare moments are well improved even under such circumstances much can be done. It is amazing how many books can be read in spare moments in a year.

The most beneficial occupation for a student during summer is outdoor work of some kind. But whatever it is let

the long vacation for active service along some definite line.

Whatever else is done, our greatest desire is to have every student receive such mental and physical recreation as will cause him to return in September, eager for the work, anxious to begin, with clear head and strong muscle, so that the coming year may be the best one in life thus far.

VANDALS.

A Teutonic race, formerly dwelling on the south shore of the Baltic, the most barbarous and fierce of the northern nations that plundered Rome in the fifth century, notorious for destroying the monuments of art and literature".

"Hence, one who willfully destroys or defaces".

Thus Webster defines "Vandals".

It has for centuries been believed and stated that the

Vandal nation perished completely before the end of the seventh century; but some of the descendants have been recently discovered in Missoula and even among the University students. The world has long wondered at the marvelous vitality and continuance of the Jewish race; but this persistence of the Vandal tribe is still more wonderful.

The Jew has many well marked physical characteristics, a noble religion, a glorious past, and grand promise for the future, all these tend to the preservation of his nationality and purity of blood.

The Vandal however has nothing marked or characteristic but his love of destruction.

Indeed it is by this instinct alone that he has been discovered, because the modern Vandal has, by mixture with other races, lost all distinctive physical characteristics of his race. Certain young persons in the University were observed to have a curious fondness for destroying and defacing books, furniture, and buildings. They seemed to be rational in all other respects and the source of their conduct was a mystery until its exact resemblance to that of the fifth century Vandal revealed the secret of their descent and explained their conduct. The persistence of instinct is truly wonderful and accounts for many strange things in animals, including man.

The Vandals are undoubtedly with us as surely as the army worms; and self protection becomes a very important question. First he must be clearly distinguished and then rendered powerless to gratify his destructive instinct. Modern humanity forbids killing and maiming him, or even of putting him in a straight jacket, or other restraint of that sort. Otherwise we might handcuff him.

There seems to be but one thing available for our protection, and that is to shut him up in some isolated and secure school or asylum. We have already schools for the blind, the feeble minded, and the vicious; and we must have another for the Vandals. Ample provisions must be made, for the school will be a very large one and probably very few will ever be cured and released. The institution should be placed in an isolated, easily guarded, healthful, cool, and airy situation. The summit of the Lo Lo has all these conditions and will be an ideal location for the Vandal asylum. Perhaps a strong effort of our influential citizens and judicious log rolling by our representatives in the next legislature may secure a liberal appropriation for this asylum. But it will take some time for all this and for the construction of necessary building, while immediate action is necessary. At the farthest action must be taken to weed out the Vandals before we enter the new building. This may be easily done by placing applicants next September into a room with fine unmarred walls and furniture, the finer the better. The pencil and knife of the Vandal will soon betray him by their destructive work. Having caught the Vandal what shall we do with him? Part of the basement of University hall might be left with walls of brick and stone and fitted with furnishings of unplanned lumber as a temporary asylum until the state can furnish the needed accommodations for these unfortunates. Other suggestions are invited and will be gladly received. X.

MONTANA.

BY CHARLES H. ROBINSON.

Air:—"John Brown."

I.

Where mountain flowers bud and bloom beneath the silver showers
Where fragrant breezes fan the flrs through all the summer hours,
Where the mighty Rockies heave on high their tempest-tortured
towers,

Is our Great Mountain State.

II.

Where hurrying to the western sea Missoula winds its way,
Where the Coeur d' Alenes are mirrored in the placid Pend d'Oreille,
Where the sombre cedars stretch their arms above the Kootenai,

Is our grand Mountain State.

III.

Where Missouri foams and leaps along between the mountain walls,
Or sweeps along its shining bends toward its thundering falls,
Or frets its frowning canyons with a fury that appalls,

Is our stream-veined Mountain State.

IV.

Where valleyed prairies spread and flee toward the rising sun,
While o'er the leagues of waving grass the rippling breezes run,
And through the shadowing clouds above a golden woof is spun,

Is our sun-loved Mountain State.

V.

Where Mountain Chief to heaven points its spirit-haunted cone,
Where the stately Highwoods stand serene, majestic and alone,
To where is slipping through its trees the storied Yellowstone,

Is our vale-fair Mountain State.

VI.

Where soaring eagles soar and scream above their craggy nests,
Where the Snowies prop the heaven's dome, where blue St. Mary's
rests.

Where the thunder trails his sable robes o'er Lo Lo's icy crests,
Is our snow-crowned Mountain State.

VII.

We love our glorious country with its sacred battle scars,
We love our country's banner with its white and crimson bars,
And we will make our Mountain State the brightest of its stars,
Our own loved Mountain State.

CHORUS.

Love and honor for Montana! Love and honor for Columbia!
Love and honor for Old Glory, the radiant stripes and stars!

HOW THE SPOKANE FALLS WERE NAMED.

[AN INDIAN MYTH.]

K. J. RONAN,—'02.

CAYOTE and his wife and two children, Antelope and his wife and two children were good friends. Old Cayote and old Antelope fished and hunted together, while Mrs. Cayote and Mrs. Antelope dressed the meats and fish, brought the wood and the water, packed the ponies, tanned the skins of the buffalo, deer and bear. They were camped in one big lodge made of buffalo hides near where is now the beautiful city of Spokane.

The Cayote children and Antelope children were running around the lodge rolling a ball made of buffalo skins. Old Cayote said to old Antelope: "Look, how our children have only a ball of buffalo hide to play with, while down—

far down where the sun shines hot all the days live Indians whose children have the big white moon to roll around; and every time they touch it something comes into their bodies that drives away all ill feeling. Let us fit well our children with arrows and bows and send them to steal the moon and bring it to us that we may touch it and have that something come into our hearts, making them good and strong through all the days that are coming to you and to me and to our wives and children.

"Good, good," said old Antelope. "Our boys shall go."

Very busy were Mrs. Cayote, and Mrs. Antelope preparing moccasins, dried berries and roots for their sons, who were to travel so far from home.

After ten sleeps young Cayotes and young Antelopes reached the camp where shone the great, round, white moon. They laid down behind some bushes and watched the children of that tribe rolling and having such a good time with the moon.

The young Cayotes want the moon very much. They don't want the Antelopes to have it, and they cry:

"We shall take the moon and run far away with it!" When the moon was rolled their way the older Cayote made a dash for it, but could not get it and he was killed by the children of the moon. Then the other Cayote tried, but he was killed too. The children of the moon ran away and leave the moon, because they think a great band of warriors have come to take it. Then the Antelopes take the moon and try to roll it away, but they are young and the moon is large; and, although they try much they can roll it but ten steps. They sit down to rest, and then try again. This time the moon ran away and the Antelopes after it. Many days they ran, but at last brought the moon to their camp. When they came, old Cayote and old Antelope were sitting in the lo ge talking about their sons, who were soon to come home. Then two young Antelopes stop at the door and say:

"Cayote, oh Cayote! We tell you news. Cayote, your two sons are dead."

Cayote stood up and said:

"What?" Then he blamed Antelope for the death of his sons.

"It is not my fault that your sons are dead," said old Antelope. "You said, let us send our boys in quest of the moon, and I said they shall go. You are a coward." At this Cayote hits Antelope, and feels that he hates him. But before they could begin to fight in earnest, the two young Antelopes run in, leaving the moon outside, and begin to tell their story. Cayote went out because his sons are not there. When he saw the moon he stole it, and in his anger, rolled it down and over the bank into the river. It sank, making the water roar and foam and gurgle and mists that looked like soft frost rose out of the river. Becoming frightened at what he had done, Cayote ran very fast and told Antelope that the moon was in the river. Swiftly, indeed, did they hurry to the river, but could not get the moon out, and there it is now, making what is called Spokane Falls.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF COLLEGE LIFE.

EDUCATION, in its broadest and truest sense, means the expansion and cultivation of those faculties which are only partly developed, or are lying dormant, and the repression of tendencies which are too well developed or too active. The plan of the educator is, first, to establish an equilibrium, or a balance of power among the faculties of the mind, and, second, to raise the whole to the highest state of advancement of which it is capable. There is not only the intellect, but the character to be modeled. There are not only weak points to be strengthened, but there are strong points to be weakened. To be really educated, every faculty must be acted upon by certain influences peculiarly adapted to its needs. Certainly not the least important of these influences is the social life of the college. It is of vast importance to the student, in that it brings him in contact with minds and characters perhaps more broadly developed than his own; gives him a wider range for individual thought, offers to him the advantages of an atmosphere of refinement and culture, and the opportunity to cultivate his own social nature, which may have been neglected heretofore. The social life is of peculiar advantage also to the college itself, since it tends to unite the students by a bond of common interests and of loyalty to their "foster mother," stimulates competition and inspires college spirit.

It is not long after entering college before the "Knights of the Midnight Oil" begin to realize the necessity of some kind of recreation whereby they may give vent to the pent up spirits within them—the inevitable consequence of a healthy mind and body. To this fact the colleges and universities of today owe the clubs, secret societies, fraternities and athletics, which take such a prominent part in the college life.

In co-educational institutions there are girls' clubs, and boys' clubs, and girls' and boys' clubs, and societies whose secrets are never divulged until the inquisitive candidate has been put through all manner of awe-inspiring ceremonies, in which it is rumored a certain animal commonly answering to the name of Billy, figures prominently.

In men's colleges, club life is a very essential feature of the order of things, and to the attractions of the club rooms are due many an exciting game of billiards, and many an evening of dreamy idleness spent in an atmosphere of wreathing tobacco smoke.

Athletics. Do we dare to slight athletics? That part of the college course which is never objectionable, to which the time devoted by the student is never begrudged, and to whose beguiling influences the blame must be laid, for many a "flunk" and many a "plucking," could no more be dispensed with nowadays than could Latin and Greek in the classical course, or physics in the scientific course, or philosophy in the philosophical course. Life would not be worth living without the annual football games between college and University teams, or the rowing match between "crack" crews. Athletics! Here's to thy long life and prosperity!

The social life in woman's colleges differs somewhat from that in the colleges whose students are wholly of the masculine gender. There are no billiard games, tobacco smoke or "evenings spent in dreamy idleness," but there are other means of entertainment quite as satisfactory to the feminine taste. There are evenings devoted to music and literature, impromptu dances in one of the halls, private theatricals and midnight banquets. Near commencement time come the receptions and the various class functions and entertainments to which the public is invited. At Wellesley there is "Float Day," when the lake is dotted with boats, and the bank is thronged with visitors, among whom walk the grave and reverend seniors, or flit the airy, fairy undergraduates. Then, too, there is the "joy procession" and the annual performance of the "barn swallows." Athletics form no small factor in their college life, and thanks to golf, tennis, basket ball, rowing, yachting and mountain climbing, our once frail and tender women of the "clinging vine" order have developed into "sturdy oaks" strong enough to withstand a great many tempests.

In nearly all of our colleges and universities Greek letter fraternities constitute a very important feature of the social as well as the student life. They are secret societies, whose objects are as varied as their ceremonies. The uninitiated cannot claim more than a superficial knowledge of their workings, nor is it possible to state definitely the principles upon which the different fraternities are founded. In general, however, the societies promote good fellowship among the students, encourage good scholarship and college spirit, and advance the interests of the students as a whole.

Realizing the importance of society's influence upon the general education of the student, considerable attention, in the form of banquets, hops and receptions, is given to it, with the result that the college graduate recalls his fraternity life with many tender memories, and considers the years spent under the care of his "Alma Mater" the happiest of his life.

KATHRYN WILSON.

WAR AS A FACTOR IN LITERATURE.

FROM time immemorial the subject of war has been a favorite with the poets and story tellers of all nations. Never yet has there been a great war that has not formed a subject or furnished incidents for the weaving of many stories and poems. From the first great struggle between the angels of light and darkness so grandly described in "Milton's Paradise Lost" down to the conflict between the North and the South of our now united country, no action worthy of the name of war has escaped the pens of the ballad makers and story writers.

America's struggle for independence brought forth innumerable poems and novels of a patriotic and war-like nature, the best known of these being "Paul Revere's Ride," and "The Spy." This poem and this novel, seem of all fiction based upon that great event, to be at the present time most known and most popular. The revolution still continues to furnish material for novels, as that most excellent

novel of recent years, "Hugh Gwynne, Free Quaker," will testify.

However, the breaking out of the civil war and the long years of its duration almost obliterated from the minds of the people the memories of the struggle for independence, and brought forth a new influx of patriotic songs and thrilling war stories. Almost the best known and popular poem of that time is "Barbara Fritchie." What school child has not some time or other in his career chosen "Barbara Fritchie" as his "piece" to speak?

Many stirring stories have been written about the civil war, both from the Northern and Southern point of view. Among the most popular writers of war stories are Captain Charles King and Thomas Nelson Page. Captain King is a voluminous author and writes with equal ease of the North, South, East and West. His most well known civil war stories are "A War Time Wooing" and "The General's Double." Besides these he has written a large number of war stories, some dealing with the civil war, and others with Indian wars and life in the western army posts.

Thomas Nelson Page, the graceful Southern writer, has written some charming stories, presenting the Southern side of the war. However, he does not write concerning the question of the war directly, but rather of the South and the effects of the war upon the South. Who has not read "Meh Lady" without wanting to read "In Old Virginia," "The Burial of the Guns," and, in fact, the more we read of Thomas Nelson Page the more we want to read. He brings before us as no other author can do or does, the lazy, hospitable, happy life in the Sunny South, and after the war the utter desolation and sorrow which shadows the land. Among the Southern writers the name of Thomas Nelson Page deserves a high place.

From the south to the north is a long step, but it would not be "giving praise where praise is due" to pass without mention the name of Gilbert Parker, who has made the name of Canada more of a reality to the majority of people than mere name. His chosen field of work lies principally in the Northwest Territory, and he has made the conquering of this hitherto almost unknown country familiar to many through his tales of "Pierre and His People," "A Romany of the Snows" and other fascinating stories. Gilbert Parker, evidently prefers writing short stories, as the most of his books are but collections of short stories which have been published in magazines with the same characters recognizable in all. He has a crisp, decided way of writing which is very attractive.

Any mention of authors who choose war as their theme would be incomplete without the name of Rudyard Kipling, who has found for his pen a new world to conquer in far-off India. He has won much well deserved fame by his soldier stories, which are collected under the name of "Soldiers Three," as well as his other stories of military life in India, among which may be mentioned "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Life's Handicap," and "Under the Deodars."

There has recently arisen a rival to Kipling in the person of Mrs. Florence Steele, whose India war story "On the

Face of the Waters," brought her into prominence and public favor at once. Though it should come to pass that Kipling be outclassed or even equaled in his own particular field, yet will we ever remember that it was he who first explored this strange and fascinating country, and gave us the treasures of his findings.

While the genuine war story, descriptive of the civil war, is now a rarity, yet the story based probably upon an incident of the war, still continues to be produced, to be superceded, no doubt, by stories bearing upon the present war between America and Spain.

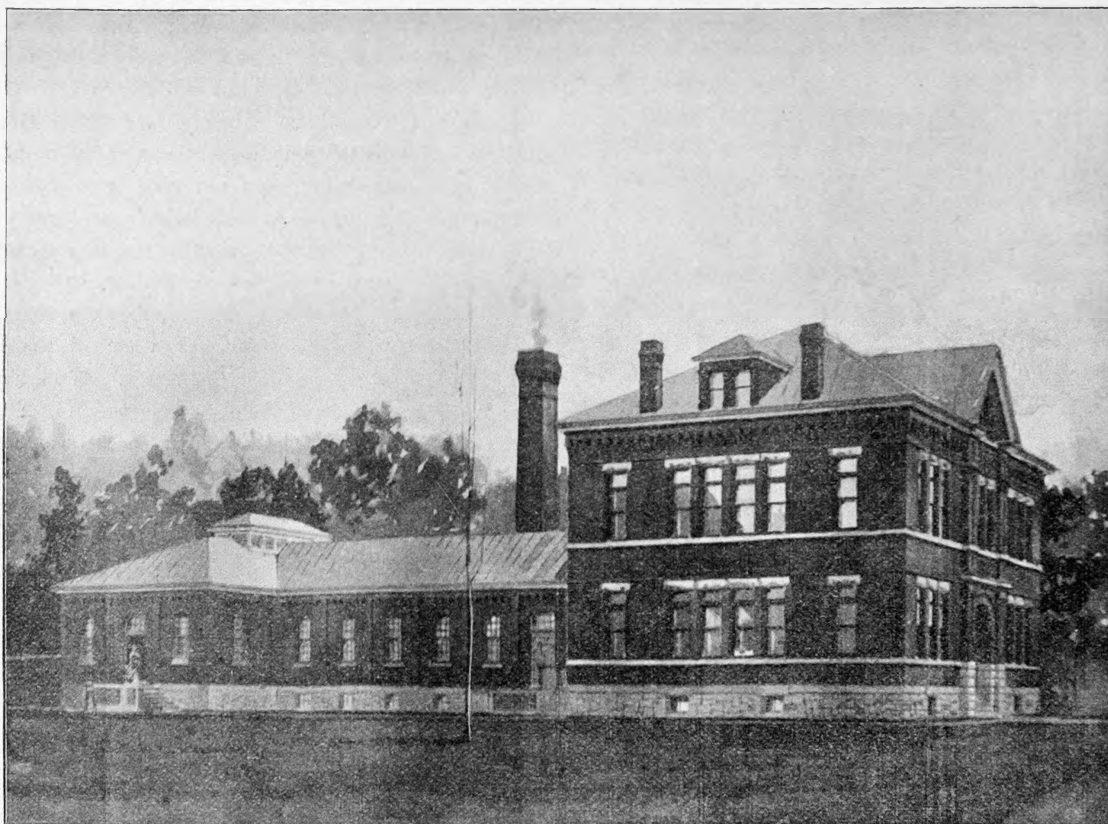
ALICE WOODY.

The proud ship is riven, she's quivering and shaking,
She reels madly forward and sinks out of sight.

O, cruel the fate of our bold loyal seamen!
They would gladly have died with face to the foe.
God comfort their loved ones, in sorrow now grieving,
Such anguish as theirs may few hearts ever know

Sweet be thy rest in thy graves in old ocean,
Unconfined, unknelled, though your forms they may be.
Victims of treachery, our country's devotion,
We'll ever keep green a remembrance of thee.

Contributed.



UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA-SCIENCE HALL.

THE MAINE.

Sad were all hearts on the chill winter morning,
When the news flashed from Cuba, across the blue waves:
How the gallant ship Maine had been wrecked without warning
And scores of brave sailors found, cold watery graves

It seemed scarce a week since the Maine left her harbor,
On a mission of friendliness, sailing away.
Bosoms filled then with pride, are now filled with horror,
Hearing vessel and crew had gone down in the bay.

The evening was still, not a zephyr was blowing;
A smile as they slept wreathed many a lip.
They were dreaming of home, valiant men, never knowing
That death and destruction lurked under the ship.

Though peaceful their slumbers, how rude their awaking,
Hark! Sounds like loud thunder boom out on the night.

THE OLD TRAPPER'S TALE.

OVERCOME by the entreaties and importunities of his young friends, "Old Pete," as he was familiarly called, laid down the axe he was trying to sharpen, and prepared to tell a story to the group of boys and girls seated about him. "But mind," he said, "I'm not going to spend all my time telling stories to you. This time of the summer, however, always bring to my mind a story which seems too strange to be true, but which is only another proof of the old saying that "truth is stranger than fiction."

Pete was a tall, old man, with shoulders bowed with hard work and sickness, with long, white hair and beard, and hands hardened and knotted by exposure. It was only the exterior that was rough, for he was a man of good education and spent much of his spare time in reading and studying.

"Well," he began, "I'll tell you just how it was. You see it was a long time ago, when this country was rough and wild, when few white men could be found in what is now a thickly populated portion of the United States and when wild beasts of all kinds were very abundant.

"I was then trying to get my living by selling to the traders all the skins I could obtain, and spent most of my time in trapping and hunting the fierce wild animals, which were so bold when hungry that they would come close to my cabin.

"One day, which I shall never forget, I went early in the morning to a trap some distance from my tent, (for I had gone far up in the hills in search of larger game,) expecting to find in it a bear, whose skin would well repay me for the toil and hardship of the past few days.

"The trap I had placed in a beautiful little valley, edged with thick forests, but having in the center a smooth, green spot, from the middle of which flowed a clear, sparkling spring

"When I reached the trap I found there, to my surprise, the body of a large mountain lion, whose skin was uninjured by the sharp points of the trap. I lost no time in taking it out, and started back to my camp.

"As the fragrance of the wild flowers, which grew in profusion about the spring, reached me, it carried me back in memory to my childhood's home and the happy days spent there, and, while thinking of the past, I wandered from the right path, and was dismayed to find myself in the midst of a dense grove of trees, with no apparent outlet.

"At last, after looking in vain for any trace of a path or opening, I started in what I thought must be the right direction to my camp, walking briskly over fallen logs and through thick shrubbery, being compelled sometimes to cut away the latter.

"Suddenly, as I passed a thicker clump of trees, a sound like a child's cry stopped me: for a moment I stood irresolute, and then, thinking it was only some wild animal, started on again. But a second time came the cry, and yet again, followed then, it seemed to me, by a few words. I hesitated no longer, but drawing out my hunting knife, in case I should be deceived, I went in the direction of the sound, and, breaking away the intervening underbrush, I looked through a leafy screen upon a picture which, when I close my eyes, I can see to this day.

At the foot of a huge pine tree, whose base was covered with moss, lay an Indian woman, whom even the most inexperienced eyes could plainly see was dying. Kneeling by her side was a child some five or six years old, who was trying in vain to arouse her. It was the cry and words of the child that I heard. The thick boughs of the trees were so closely interlaced that the sunlight was cut off and the whole place seemed to be filled with a pale green light in which the bright hued garments of the two Indians shone brighter by contrast.

"My long walks necessitated the carrying with me a small flask of whiskey, and, pushing aside the low boughs, I hast-

ened to give some of it to the woman. This partially revived her, and in a few moments she attempted to speak, but her strength was nearly gone, and it was only in broken sentences that she could tell me that which, though I knew little of the Cree language, which she spoke, I understood to express her gratitude and her desire that I should care for her child. She gave me a few trinkets she wore on her arms and about her neck, and then embracing the little one once more, she died.

"Giving her a hasty burial, for it was growing late in the afternoon, I took the child in my arms and started again on my homeward way. Without much further difficulty I soon found the path and arrived at my tent, where I hastened to start a fire and prepare some food for the child, who was plainly nearly famished. She ate eagerly and was so tired that when she had finished she immediately fell asleep.

"The next day, feeling that the child thrown so unexpectedly upon my care had better be under some woman's control, I returned to my cabin, and from there, as soon as I was able, went to the nearest settlement. There I received a surprise, for my sister, lately widowed, had decided to join the only other surviving member of the family, and had only been waiting a favorable opportunity to go to my cabin. Thither in a few weeks we went, taking the child, whom I had named Dorothea, the "gift of God," with us. She was a bright and lovable child and had attached herself to us already.

"The years which followed passed uneventfully. I had gradually cleared a large extent of land about the house, enlarged and beautified the dwelling and yard, and little by little, as the country grew more thickly settled, gave up my old occupation of trapping.

"Dorothea had grown to be a tall, slender girl of fifteen years, loving her foster mother and myself with a love which could have been no fonder had we really been her parents, while we had tried to rear her as if she were indeed our own.

"One day—the tears fill my eyes still when I think of it—I was working in the field just out of sight of the house, when I heard my sister calling. I dropped my hoe and ran to her, but all she could say was, 'Dorothea! Indians! I do not know how I reached the house, for it seemed to me that every nerve in my body was paralyzed, but I finally arrived to see Dorothea in the midst of a band of Indians, who were apparently overjoyed at something unknown to me.

"One of the men could speak some English and by degrees learned the truth. A member of the tribe going to rejoin his own people some time before, had seen Dorothea and was struck by her resemblance to the dead wife of their chief, who had, in a fit of temporary madness, wandered away from her husband and people, taking her little daughter with her. When he met his tribe he had told them of this girl, and since all were then passing through the valley, he had brought them to see her.

"It happened that that afternoon Dorothea had found, in what we called our attic, a box containing an Indian squaw's blanket, with the jewelry given to me by her mother years

before. Whether a love of splendor inherited from her barbarous ancestors awoke in her heart, or whether it was merely girlish fancy to dress up, I cannot tell, but, which ever it was, she put them on, and while thus attired the Indians stopped, and the old chief startled her with a loud cry, having recognized the ornaments as his wife's. And from this fact and Dorothea's striking resemblance to her mother, he unhesitatingly claimed her as his daughter, and was preparing to take her away when I appeared.

"I started to say something of the injustice of this act, when Dorothea interrupted. 'Don't say any more, Minky,' she said, calling me by the name she gave me when a child; *please* don't make it harder for me than it is now.' As I looked at her uncomprehendingly, she broke away from the crowd around her and threw herself into my arms. 'O, Minkey, Minkey!' she sobbed, 'I don't see how I can bear it, but I feel as if I *must* go with them, and, after all, they are my people, and have the first claim on me, since I can help and benefit them.' Much more she said, and in spite of prayers, entreaties and commands, and those of my sister, her duty was with her people, she said, and though it would nearly break her heart, she must go with them.

"And, late that afternoon, having bidden us a fond farewell, and, though grieving as much as we did, trying to be brave, she said 'good bye' for the last time and started with her people on their way to the south. At the bend of the road she turned and waved us a mute adieu—and then—and then—we had looked our last on the child who had been our greatest joy and comfort for the last ten years."

The old man's voice broke, and he furtively wiped away a tear, and the silence which had been noticeable during the latter part of his speech, became almost painful until he resumed.

"Six months later, there came to our door an Indian, footsore and weary, who told us the end of Dorothea's story—for her story *was* ended, her life was finished! After she left us she pined slowly away, but it was in defending one of the little children of the tribe from the attack of a huge bear that she received wounds which caused her death.

"Surrounded by dark faces which were softened and saddened by grief at losing one who in that short time had become so dear to them that they called her their 'Spirit of Love,' one of the noblest souls I ever knew, left this earth for a better world where there is no parting."

The speaker ceased, and, burying his face his hands, sat absorbed in thought. One by one, not in groups, as they had come, his hearers went silently away, as if each wished to be alone, leaving the old man to the sweet yet sad memories of the past.

HELEN MCCRACKIN.

You should keep a copy of the first issue of THE KAIMIN. If you are a student it will be a pleasant reminder. If you are not a student and a citizen of Missoula, it will remind you of a small beginning which you will see grow.

HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY.

THE first provision for the University of Montana was made when Congress gave to this state seventy-two sections of land to be used for the maintenance of this institution.

Large portions of this land lie in the Bitter Root and Flathead districts, and comprise some of the richest lands in the state. A large part of these lands, was selected by Granville Stewart, one of Montana's pioneers; and a man who knew just where the best government lands lay. The money received for the parts of this land that are rented has partially supported the University up to this time; and as the University grows older these lands, constantly increasing in value, will furnish ample means for the support of the institution.

In February, 1893, the State Legislature passed an act which provided that the University should be organized; and which gave detailed instructions to the State Board of Education, under whose control (in agreement with the state constitution) the University was now placed.

A committee from this board, appointed to look into the matter, at its meeting in December, 1894, reported that they were in favor of opening the University in the following September. This the Board of Education decided to do, and began at once to make the necessary arrangements. The University having previously been located at Missoula, the people of that city willingly gave the state the use of the South Side public school building until the other buildings could be provided. This building is a large, three-story brick structure, and for the first year did very well; but owing to the rapid increase in the number of students and to the addition of new departments of instruction, it is now much too small to take the place of the University buildings.

Mr. J. H. T. Ryman, Judge Hiram Knowles and Col. T. C. Marshall, all prominent citizens of Missoula, were appointed as an executive committee by the Board of Education.

At its meeting in June, 1895, the Board of Education elected Oscar J. Craig, A. M. Ph. D., President of the University. President Craig, who was at the time professor of political economy and history in Purdue University at Lafayette, Indiana, is one of the ablest and best known educators in the West.

When President Craig arrived at Missoula (July 1st,) he at once began arrangements for the opening of the University in September. Laboratories for work in chemistry, physics and biology were fitted up with high grade apparatus; the lecture rooms and the assembly room were furnished; and 1,000 books purchased for the library. A course of study was decided upon, and the faculty was selected as follows:

Oscar J. Craig, A. M. Ph. D., President, professor of history and literature.

Stephen A. Merritt, B. S., professor of natural science.

Cynthia Elizabeth Reilly, B. S., professor of mathematics.

William M. Aber, A. B., professor of Greek and Latin.

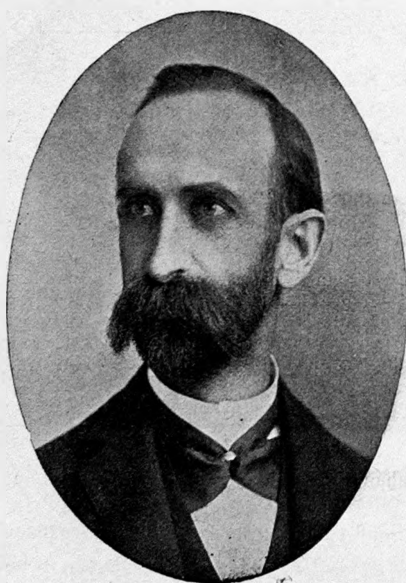
Frederick C. Scheuch, M. E., A. C., professor of modern languages and temporarily in charge of the department of mechanical engineering.

Mary Olive Gray, instructor in music.

Mary A. Craig, B. S., librarian.

On September 11, 1895, the University was opened; and its record as a state school was begun. On this memorable day in its history, fifty students were enrolled; and at the close of the year, (June 10,) one hundred and thirty-five students were in attendance at the new institution.

In the school year '96-'97 more than one hundred and seventy-six students attended the University; and in February, '97, Morton J. Elrod, who for several years was professor of biology in the University at Bloomington, Illinois, became a member of the faculty, and took charge of the department of biology. In that same year \$35,000 was appropriated by the Legislature for the support of the University; \$16,000 of this appropriation to be used that year and the remaining \$19,000 to be used the following year.



WM. M. ABER, A. B.,
Professor of Latin and Greek.

Graduated from the State Normal School at Oswego, N. Y., in 1872; from Yale College in 1878, and has pursued post-graduate studies at John Hopkins, Cornell and Chicago Universities. He has held positions in Normal Schools at Oswego and Oneonta, N. Y.; Male High School at Louisville, Ky.; in Atlanta University, at Atlanta, Ga.; held the position of Professor of Latin and Greek in the University of Utah prior to coming to Montana.



OSCAR J. CRAIG, President of the University.

A. B. DePauw University 1881; A. M. DePauw University 1884; Ph. D. Wooster University, 1887. 1881-1883 Superintendent city schools, Sullivan, Indiana; 1883-1887 Principal, Preparatory Department Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana; 1887-1895 Professor of Political Economy and History, Purdue University; 1895-1898 President University of Montana.

When the State Board of Education met in December, 1897, at the request of President Craig, a committee was appointed to decide on a plan for raising a sufficient amount of money with which to erect and equip university buildings. President Craig proposed that \$100,000 be raised by issuing bonds, which should be secured by the income from the University lands. J. M. Hamilton, of Missoula, and Peter Winne, of Helena, and H. H. Grant, of Grantsdale, who were the committee appointed, reported in favor of raising the money in the manner proposed by President Craig; but they also favored increasing the \$100,000 to \$150,000 as soon as the income from lands would pay the interests on that amount.

This plan was presented to the legislature of 1897, by Senator Smead in the form of a bill known as Senate Bill No. 1. This bill was passed by both houses, with but very little opposition; and the bonds were sold some time later, at a premium.

In agreement with a passage in the bill, the Governor appointed the following persons to constitute a building commission: E. A. Winstanley, Alfred Cave, Joseph Wood, G. Higgins and J. R. Latimer. A. J. Gibson, of Missoula, was chosen as architect by this commission.

The plans for two large buildings were in due time drawn up; and before many months had passed, all the contracts had been let. The following

extracts from the President's report of November, 30, 1897, will give some idea of what these buildings will be:

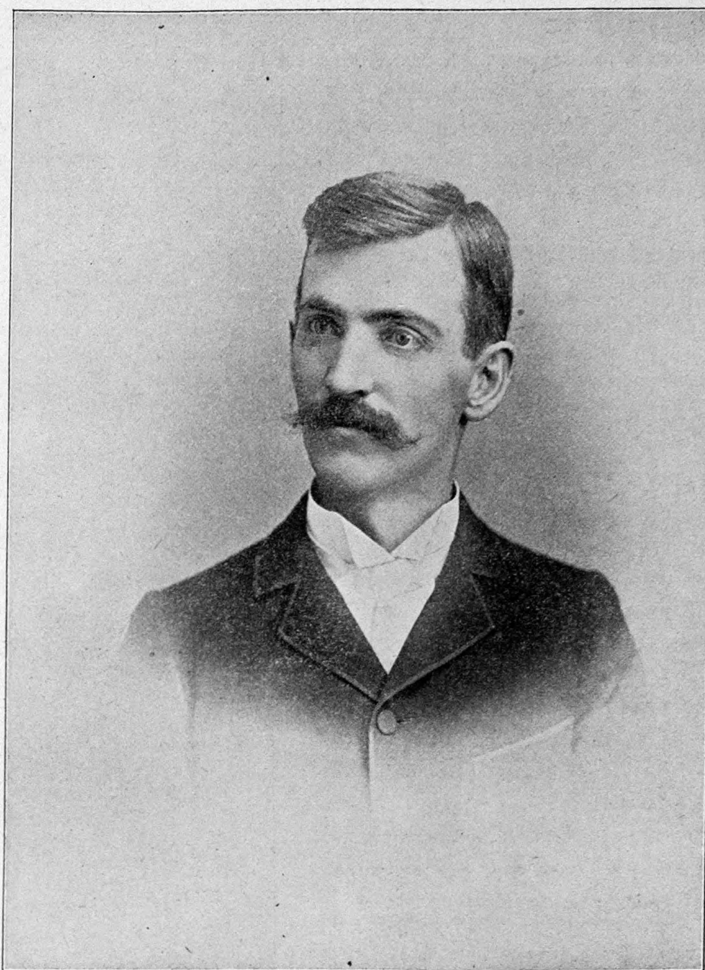
"Two buildings are in process of construction; one to be known as the University Hall, and to contain provisions for the library, biological, lecture room and laboratory, president's office, assembly room, lecture rooms for mathematics, history, literature, languages; the other to be known as Science Hall, will contain the rooms necessary for chemistry, physics and mechanical engineering.

Science Hall will also contain the steam plant for heating and furnishing power for the mechanical laboratory.

"The foundations for both buildings are finished, including the granite work that appears above ground. The commission expect to have both buildings completed and ready for occupancy the first semester of the next college year.

"All interiors of the buildings have been planned with especial reference to the present needs of the University as indicated by the work already in progress, as well as to anticipated future demands."

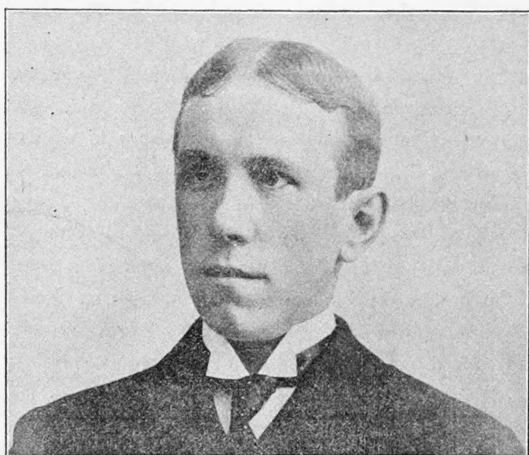
The grounds on which the new university buildings are being constructed were donated to the state by Mr. E. L. Bonner, and Mr. F. G. Higgins. These grounds, containing forty acres of good land, were fenced by the Missoula Board



MORTON J. ELROD, Professor of Biology.

Morton J. Elrod, a native of Pennsylvania. Graduated from Monroe, Iowa, high school in 1882. B. A., Simpson College, 1887. M. A. Simpson College, 1890. Principal of high school at Corydon, Iowa, 1887-'83. Assistant in Science, Illinois Wesleyan University, 1888-'89. Adjunct Professor of Natural Science, Illinois Wesleyan University, 1889-'91. Professor of Biology and Physics, Illinois Wesleyan University, 1891 to Feb., 1897. Professor of Biology, University of Montana, Feb., 1897—.

Instructor in the Des Moines Summer School of Methods during the sessions from 1889-1897. Literary Editor of Iowa Schools for several years. Editor of Illinois Wesleyan Magazine, volume I. Associate member of American Ornithologists' Union, of the Biological Society of Washington, and of the American Association of Conchologists.



FRED D. SMITH, Professor of Chemistry.

Fred D. Smith, born in Bath, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1869, prepared for college at Harverling Union School at Bath. Entered Cornell University in 1887. Student of School of Pharmacy 1889-90. License of N. Y. State Board of Pharmacy Mar. 1891. Graduated with B. S. from Cornell 1892. Assistant in Gas Analysis and Spectroscopy Sept. to Nov. 1892 in Cornell. Instructor in Qualitative Analysis and Assaying at Cornell Nov. 1892 to 1897. In charge of Mine tests for Imperial Mining Company June to August 1897.

of Trade; and 500 shade trees have been planted on them.

Within the last school year two new members have been added to the Faculty of the University: F. D. Smith, formerly of Cornell University, took charge of the department of chemistry and physics last September, Professor Merritt having resigned; and Miss Hubbel of Drake University became Instructor in Latin and English Literature in February.

At this time (May 24th) about two hundred students are attending the University.

From the day that it first opened, the University has



FREDERICK CHARLES SCHEUCH. B. M. E. A. C.

Attended Colegio Tomas. Barcelona, Spain; Gymnasium, Frankfurt on the Maine. Germany; B. M. E. Purdue '93; A. C. same '94. Professor Modern Languages, University of Montana. September, '95. Secretary of the faculty. Member sigma Chi Montana Society of Engineers.

made rapid progress; and before many years have passed it will be numbered among the great institutions of learning in the West.

E. SEDMAN.

FUTURE ATHLETICS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA.

STUDENTS, faculty and citizens both in Missoula and throughout the state are wondering what the University students are going to make out of athletics. All know more or less about professional athletics, but want to learn more of that kind of sport that college boys practice for the pure sport and for what they call the honor of their Alma Mater.

What lessons can our short campaign of last fall teach us?

It seems to me that in this western country where much attention is paid to horse and bicycle racing, to professional baseball playing, and where prize fighting is not unknown that the public has become strayed away from the true ideal of athletic sport. I mean they have lost sight of the most pleasing factor in sport, the love of the sport for the sport and science in itself.

I do not think this is the fault of the country or of the public but it arises because there have been no college students to furnish the sport as only college students do, for the love of the thing itself.

Timid students are wont to ask if the public are ready here to patronize games played by college students when they enter upon a field of athletics which involves considerable expense. For while the games are for the love of the pure science yet it requires money to carry on the same. Are the people of Montana and near states willing and

ready to support such sport which may at first sight seem tame?

And timid students of our University argued against a football team, and against arranging games with teams from cities as far away as Butte, because "from whence will come the money?" Yet a team made up of students most of whom did not know the first principles of the game, was developed and uniformed, and teams brought to our city which cost nearly \$200 apiece to play games, the outcome of which simply depended upon the skill of the teams. For these games the players received the plaudits of their fellows, and the honor of doing something for their college, and—nothing more.

Did they play as hard and as well as our \$3,000 baseball players? Ask the opponents of each student. Were our spectators pleased and satisfied? Read the newspaper accounts, and ask your friends' opinion.

All of this goes to show that Montana in general, and Missoula in particular, is ready, willing and anxious to accept this kind of athletic sport which college men think they can do better than any other class. It shows that the public, the students and the faculty can be relied upon to furnish the means for the support of this game, not because of love for the University, but because of the enjoyment and pleasure derived from the sport itself.

Does it pay to keep strictly to a college team? Many timid students predicted that it would be necessary to secure assistance from outside for certain games with athletic clubs. Do you recall any student anxious to give up his place to an outsider after the work was fairly started?

The finest grade of all college athletics is found in a team who not only adhere to the letter of any college rule, but also to the spirit. That team whose code is to play whatever game it may be for all there is in it, but only on the merits of the plays themselves, who will not stoop to do a trick known as "dirty," because no one sees them or because of the ignorance or uncertainty of the umpire or referee, is the only kind of a team that merits approval or toleration.

At the very outset of intercollegiate athletics in Montana let the University of Montana establish and maintain that code of actions as follows: Gentlemanly conduct in our athletics at all times, strict adherence to amateur rules for players, and the refusing to tolerate anything appearing as illegitimate conduct on the part of any player in the game.

One of the happiest lessons of our brief history is that our Alma Mater has taken the lead in this matter, and that she has already won high compliments from other teams, and from the lovers of athletic sport who would patronize nothing but the clean sport. The future of our athletics will never be dark if that standard is never lowered.

F. D. SMITH.

The third year of the Montana State University's existence is almost completed. With each succeeding year the institution has grown stronger and still more strong and will continue to do so in the future.

U. OF M. FOOTBALL TEAM.

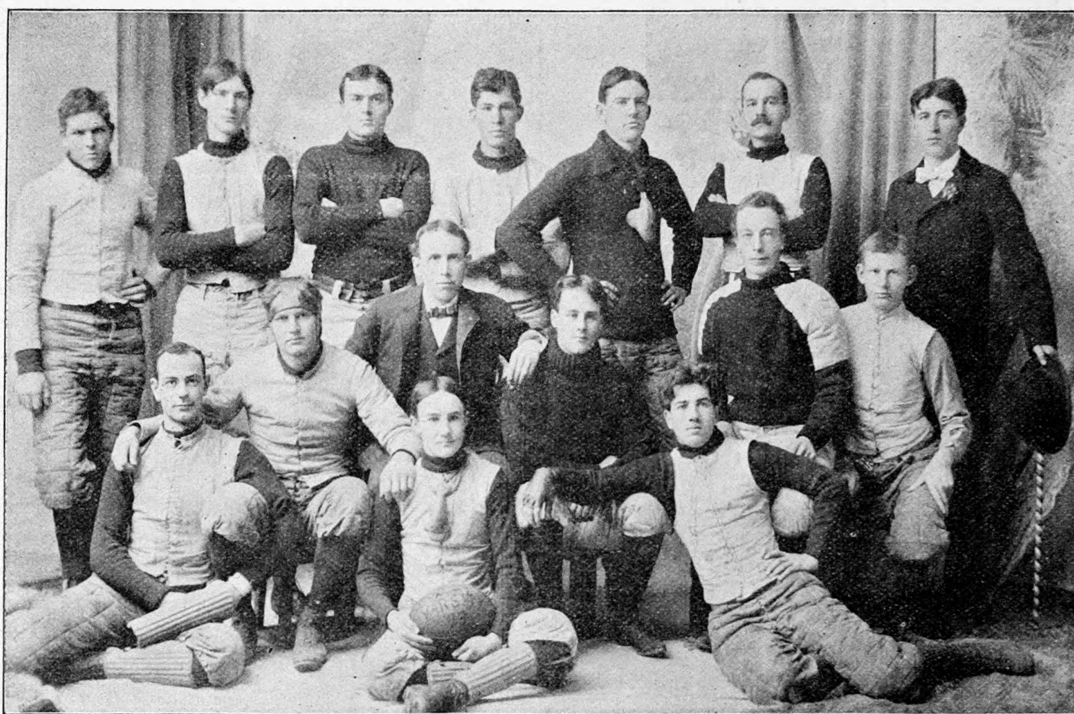
Geo. H. Kennett, '99 was given the honor of being the first captain of the U. of M. football team. He weights 185 lbs. and is a well-built athlete. On account of being the best punter of the team he played fullback althought it should be said that except in such work and in bucking the line he did not show to his best advantage. As captain he had the respect of his team who always responded to his call and never failed to execute his orders.

H. Goodfellow, Prep. weight 200 made an excellent center. His passing was always accurate and the quarter never made a fumble on the center's work. His defensive work was up to the standard and if any criticism could be

with such results as were never hoped for by any one in the beginning of the season. His extreme light weight would seem to preclude all work except the usual passing of the ball, yet no player accepted more chances at tackling, and few tackled more brilliantly. His passing was good, and he rarely mistook the signal or the duty assigned to him after passing the ball.

H. Schroeder, '00, weight 190 lbs. commenced work late in the season. His work as right guard was characterized by strong defensive line work, but his offensive part was not so good on account of his slowness in getting into the play.

S. M. Ward, '01, weight 170 lbs. played right tackle where he was generally found using his great strength to



Jones Ward Goodfellow Schroeder Rittenour Murray Landers
Heyfron Kennett Prof. Smith Kennedy Blake Crain Westby Ebert

offered it must be in that his passing was at times too deliberate.

F. O. Crain, weight 145 lbs. played end until the middle of the season when he was given place for which he was most fitted, right half-back. His faithfulness in practicing, and the hard work done to make the coveted position should teach a lesson to others. His work in the Bozeman game justified the decision of the coach in placing him there

D. Heyfron, '00, weight 155 lbs. had no competitor in the race position left-half back because all knew that he had no equal in the University. His playing was brilliant because in this position he could use his great speed. Still it was regretted that he could not train more faithfully in order to do team work, for his brilliant gains were always from star individual work rather than from any well-directed team play, a thing not desirable in the football work.

H. Kennedy, Prep, weight 119 lbs. played quarter-back

the discomfort of his opponent. He is a swift runner and plays in which he ran with the ball showed that he would not make a great mistake in trying for a position back of the line.

C. H. Rittenour, '99, weight 160 lbs. at left guard did good work on the offensive but his defensive work was not up to the standard for reason of his lighter weight and inability to practice continuously.

M. Jones, Prep. weight 160 lbs. played at left tackle. He possesses great strength for his weight, and can use it to do good work as shown in the last game at Butte. He was slow in learning the game having never seen a game before this fall.

G. C. Westby, '00, weight 155 lbs. had the misfortune to be required to play in many different positions alternating between tackle and end. He is a fast runner but being obliged to learn two positions in a new game worked much against him and prevented the strong work that he is capable of doing.

H. N. Blake, '00, weight 145 lbs., commenced to play the position of left, and quite late in the season, consequently not much could be learned about his football qualities.

L. Ebert, '01, weight 135 lbs., despite his light weight, gave promise of making a valuable end, and his work at tackling heavy backs in the first game with the B. B. C. team, won the admiration of all. His withdrawal from the team, though necessary, was a great misfortune, for his place was never filled.

E. Murray played substitute guard, but his physical condition was not equal to the heavy work of guard assigned to him.

F. J. Latimer, preparatory, weigh 185 lbs., was placed at right guard in the last game, without having more than two days practice. This was a mistake, for he was in no wise able to show to a good advantage, but he possesses the strength and quickness to make one of the best guards on the football field.

H. McDonald, E. Sedman and A. Merritt did good work as substitutes in the practice games with the Tigers, and will make good football players this fall.

Prof. F. D. Smith, who assisted in the development of the team, also played in some games as half-back, an arrangement which is not the best for the team, since either the coaching or the playing must suffer. It should not be necessary again.

W. N. Landers, who was chosen manager, spared no time nor energy in working for the financial interests of the team.

...LOCALS...

Montana! Montana! Zip! Boom! Bah! U of M! U. of M! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!

As well as the preparatory department, there are now and have been the entire year, the four regular collegiate classes: Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior.

This spring, for the first time, there will be a commencement. The first graduates from the Montana State University will be Mrs. Robb Glenny and Miss Eloise Knowles, each in every respect meriting as well as appreciating the honor which she has won. Upon the first mentioned will be conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts, while the second will receive that of Bachelor of Philosophy.

The program for commencement week as officially announced is as follows:

Friday, June 3, 8:30 o'clock, p. m.—Entertainment by the Clarkia Literary Society.

Saturday, June 4, 8 o'clock, p. m.—Prize contest in Declamation.

Sunday, June 5, 2:30 o'clock p. m.—Baccalaureate sermon, Bishop L. R. Brewer, Episcopal church.

Monday, June 6, 8 o'clock, p. m.—Annual recital of the School of Music.

Tuesday, June 7, 8 p. m.—The Buckley oratorical contest.

Wednesday, June 8.—Commencement.

The Buckley oratorical contest promises to be a spirited one again this year. Mr. Harold Blake, on account of his contemplated departure to Manila as one of Uncle Sam's

boys has been compelled to withdraw his name, and the contestants as they now stand are Miss Louise Hatheway, Miss Wilson and Miss Rheim.

No formal announcement has been made, and although arrangements are not as yet entirely perfected, it is very probable that the corner stone of the University proper will be laid, with appropriate ceremonies, on Commencement Day.

War excitement runs high among the students. The volunteer company now being formed has among its numbers several of our boys, while the first sergeant of Troop F of the Third U. S. volunteer cavalry has Dan Heyfron, a former University student and at one time instructor in the chemical laboratory.

Plutonia, or Life in Hades, a dramatization of John Kendrick Bang's Pursuit of the Houseboat on the Styx, will be presented by the Clarkie Literary Society on Friday evening, June 3, and promises to be a very creditable affair. The Bennett Opera House has been kindly offered by the Hon. Wm. Bickford, and will undoubtedly be filled to the doors. The young ladies have been devoting all their time to the preparation of the play, and if the judgment of those who have attended the rehearsals is to be depended upon, the result is most satisfactory. The cast of characters is as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| Queen Elizabeth..... | Miss Norah McCormick |
| Queen Cleopatra..... | Miss Caroline Cronkrite |
| Xanthippe..... | Miss Louise Hatheway |
| Ophelia..... | Miss Beulah Rheim |
| Triby..... | Miss Lu Knowles |
| Mrs. Noah..... | Miss Helen McCrackin |
| Marguerite de Valois..... | Miss Mary Craig |
| Mme. Recamier..... | Miss Kathryne Wilson |
| Delilah..... | Miss Edith Bickford |
| Lucretia Borgia..... | Miss Maggie Ronan |
| Mrs. Lot..... | Miss Charlotte Boos |
| Empress Josephine..... | Miss Katie Ronan |
| Helen of Troy..... | Miss Sue Lewis |
| Portia..... | Miss Zoe Bellew |

The class in Physical culture organized by and under the direction of Miss Hubble, one of the recent additions to the University faculty, meets every Thursday afternoon, and is making excellent progress. The interest and enjoyment taken in this work shows plainly how the gymnasium, which will be fitted out in the new buildings, will be appreciated.

Curtis Knowles, the young son of Judge Hiram Knowles, has almost entirely recovered from his attack of scarlet fever. The Misses Eloise and Lu Knowles, both students in the University, in the Senior and Sophomore classes, respectively, have been staying with friends and thus been permitted to continue their studies.

On Wednesday evening, May 4, Missoula people did their best to show their appreciation of Dewey's magnificent victory. The jubilee was suggested by Prof. Elrod of the University faculty and was heartily supported and carried out by the University students and the business men of the city. The whole city turned out and to all appearance the Fourth

of July had arrived two months ahead of time. The G. A. R. veterans at that time holding their state encampment in the city, were well impressed by Missoula's patriotism.

The basket ball team of the University has been compelled, on account of the rush in their work, to give up hopes of further training this year. It was desired that a match game might be arranged for field day, the directors of the Athletic Association generously offering to provide suits if the young ladies would promise a game, but upon careful consideration of the matter, it was judged impossible to accept their offer.

Another organization which deserves the greatest of praise is the University Band. This has been in existence barely four months, but its members, about fifteen in number, have already gained laurels for themselves by their spirited playing on the night of the Dewey jubilee and also a few nights ago at the departure of Troop F. A splendid collection of new music has been received and is being practiced nightly. Mr. W. W. White deserves credit for the interest and assistance he has given the boys.

Unfortunately, Monday, May 30, was an exceedingly disagreeable day, and in consequence the arrangements of the G. A. R. were somewhat interfered with. The cemetery, however, was visited in the morning and the graves decorated, while in the afternoon a meeting was held in the Opera House, which many attended. Memorial services were held by the combined churches in Union Hall Sunday evening, May 29. The singing by the choir was very good, and the sermon by Rev. Salsman of the Baptist church, excellent.

Miss Bessie Buckley, daughter of Dr. John J. Buckley, one of the University's best friends, returned from the east Monday morning. Miss Buckley has been attending Miss Baldwin's school at Bryn Maur, near Philadelphia, and has returned for the summer vacation.

Miss Elsie Reinhard, well known to all of the University students, left Tuesday morning for Seattle. She expects to visit Victoria, and possibly may extend her pleasure trip to Sitka before her return.

Harold Blake, a member of the Sophomore class, accompanied by Mr. McDermott, of Fort Missoula, left Wednesday morning for San Francisco. From there they will go on with the 18th Infantry to Manila. Both enlisted yesterday at Fort Missoula, took the oath and are now soldiers in the U. S. army.

Eleven competitors have entered the prize contest in declamation, open to members of the preparatory department, which takes place Saturday evening, June 4, at 8:00 p. m. They are the Misses Wann, Shively, Million, Bruff, LaCaff, Thibault, Avery, Katie Ronan, Mabel Jones and Masters Willie Dickinson and Wellington Rankin.

James Henry Wells, B. E. M., M. E., Professor of Mechanical Engineering of our University, arrived here last week and has been busily engaged since that time arranging his work for next year. He is a graduate of Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana, and since '92 has been Professor of Mechanical Engineering at the State College of Kentucky, at Lexington.

EXCHANGE

"The foe at Manila, since Dewey's grand dash
For food all their horses have slain:
So now when a Don finds a hair in his hash
He's bound to remember the mane."

The following is from an article about the Alumni of Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa, taken from the college paper, "The Simpsonian:

"M. J. Elrod, '87, was elected as Assistant Principal of the Corydon High Schools in the spring of '87, which position he held for two years. He was then elected to the chair of Physics and Biology in Illinois Wesleyan University. He remained there with great success for a number of years and now holds the chair of Physics and Biology in the Montana University. Professor Elrod has been for a number of years an instructor of Science in the summer school of Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa."

The manager of the Athletic Association in the University of Missouri is named Dewey.

Cambridge has followed the example of Oxford and refused to grant degrees to women. Thirty students have taken oath not to take their degrees at commencement if women are not permitted to do so.

There is a plan under consideration to consolidate Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This would make one of the largest universities in the world, with a total of about 6,000 students.

The University of Illinois has a new library building which cost \$75,000.

Yale applies \$19,000 each year for the aid of needy students. It is given in the form of remission of tuitions.

At Cornell the upper classmen have passed resolutions to the effect that Freshmen shall not smoke pipes upon the streets of Ithaca, nor upon the campus, nor carry canes, and under no conditions can they wear silk hats.

Eleven colleges in the United States publish a daily paper.

Minnesota University furnished to the volunteers officers as follows; four first lieutenants, two sergeants, besides the large number of students who are enrolled as privates. Most of them are Juniors and Seniors.

A daily paper of recent date printed a paragraph under a headline "Spanish cowardice may prevent a battle." It is extremely disagreeable to see such a spirit shown in the press. There are at least three reasons why such an expression should not be used. In the first place, history does not show that the Spanish are cowards. In the second place, there is a difference between cowardice and policy. It is no more cowardly for the Spanish fleet to avoid Sampson's squadron than for a small boy to flee from a man with a gun. In the third place, if we say that our foes are cowards we detract from the glory of our victories. At such a time as this the press should be exceedingly careful in expressing itself in order to avoid reflecting dishonor upon our country.—Ariel, University of Minnesota.

The members of the class '00, are called "nitty nits" at Princeton; '01's are "nothing won" at Park College.—Ex.

Indiana University now claims the best athletic field in the state. A new grandstand seats 350 persons. A quarter-mile track provides for track athletics. A strong team of eleven attended the meeting at Indianapolis. The base ball team is absent on its spring tour, in which it will meet Wabash, Notre Dame and Purdue.—Times-Herald.

William L. Wilson, president of the Washington and Lee University, Lexington Va., former Post Master General under Cleveland, and framer of the Wilson Bill, has accepted the invitation to deliver the convocation address at the twenty-third convocation of the university, to be held Friday, July 1.

Friday, June 7, has been set aside by the university council as junior college day. A varied programme of events has been prepared, including athletic contests, a dramatic performance, planting of the ivy and a promenade.—Times-Herald.

Some record breakers: Eighteen Hundred and Ninety Eight promises to become a record breaking year in inter-collegiate sports. Some wonderful things have been done and still more wonderful things are promised. R. G. Clapp, of Yale University, in the spring games, recently broke the

pole record with a jump of 11 feet 6 inches, beating by nearly an inch the best record ever made without changing hands while in the air. The next marvel is Percy Remington, of the University of Pennsylvania, with his running broad jump of 23 feet 4½ inches, which exceeds the inter-collegiate record by 5½ inches. The world's record is 23 feet 6 inches. In private exhibitions Remington has cleared 23 feet 10 inches, which is the longest jump ever made by a human being. It is not official, however. Pennsylvania has another youngster in the person of Tewkesbury, not yet in his eighteenth year, yet he is so fleet of foot that he has already defeated Bernard W. Myers, the idol of the Georgetown University and the champion 120 yard sprinter of the world, with a record of 11 2-5 seconds. In his little engagement with Tewkesbury, a mere stripling, the latter made the same distance in 11 4-5 seconds, leaving the great Myers about 6 yards at the tape.

Women editors by scores do now our country bless; but every man knew long ago that women loved the press.

Columbia University is to have a dormitory 9 stories high and accommodate 910 students. It will be the largest building of its kind in the world,

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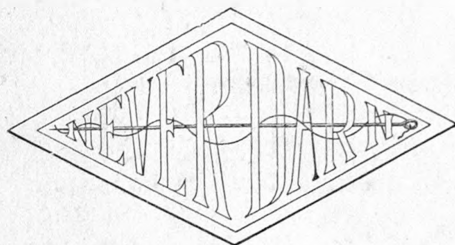
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